Laundromat

My reward! she
laughs, scooping hot

change from inside
the dryer. Concur
by laughing also, for

it’s, forgive me, so true.
Okay, astute not, but enough

to trigger dialog ‘neath liver-
ish florescence, in fact,

animating chat! & thus along
flops time mid scorch-

ing lint, my saying
I don’t know how

to put this… & her face,
lime-shadowed in

that glow & now advancing
a neutrality suggesting

you can put it any fuckin
way your snarky little
mind…

into the apartment & frenzy
through to sunset. Nice

room, I finally blurt,
from whatever I can see.

Thanks, my girlfriend’s place.
Where’s yours? I breathe.

Nowhere, USA. (cigarette
trails) Will we ever meet there?

How’d we know? We’ll
be others then.